THE PATH BEYOND THE LEVEE.

BY F. A. CUMMINGS.

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PROPERTING CHAPTERS. A secret love match to well until Coverily proposed of refused to sell her to any me desperate. I agreed to went to New York to afrange ociety for the care of any North. Returning home. I less, engage a man, Moore, at at my wood camp several

re and myself set out to locate I carried a compass, and we each our rifles we left at the landing, our revolvers and three days

nto the forest, shaping our general ma south of west, our plan being to t for the creek, then spot back on We had spotted a to mark our trail is was very necessary, as we expected to ne very short turns to avoid wind-

med travelling through the close woods at he rate of about two miles an hour. Having complished four miles, we halted and lett

econd installment, intending to have upper and breakfast only at the creek. At ock in the afternoon, tired and well scratched th briers we arrived at a little pond about half mile distant and having a good outm the creek. This was the end of ney at this section of the route. and we prepared to encamp for the night. stretched our tired limbs by the fire,

ighted our pipes and smoked for a few minutes

replied he, "our greatest danger es in being obliged to trust some scoundrel

hat will betray us. Now as to the risk at this ad of the route, it is small; once get your nigers here, and they are safe, for I do not think has been visited by man for twenty years. hery of some persons we may be obliged is our only danger, and that we must refully guard against. Never trust a nigger fer you get him started. You perhaps may are a little philanthropy or some sentimental n this thing. I haven't. With me it is

nothing else."
ses that I am not quite so practical
if, Moore, but really I have no parso for the master nor respect for the
You and I are practical abolitionists, izes down to about that," Moore

t it isn't exactly the way I was At morning at daybreak we were up and high and by the time it was light enough a plainly, were at work. Both of us were rienced woodsmen and made pretty progress. All we did was to cut off the dead a read to the property of the dead to the form of the property of the dead to the property of the dead to the property will be dead to the portation of our canoes and such other real as we intended to move, and were well fatigued when we returned to the lyard. We unpacked our canoes, taking apart to enable us to pack them on the of a mule, and this by the aid of an imsed saddle we accombished satisfactorily, and we started and at 9 o'clock both os were on the banks of Baker Creek put her and ready to launch. At 5 P. M. ere back with our mule.

e of the yard while Moore was absent, ed, mule and all, and by 4 o'clock were eek again. We built a pea a few yards the water front, he need not go

avlight the next morning we were up, so clock were off. Taking the small in tow of the other, we paddled quietly the little pond into the outlet, forced ay through the overhanging branches, less than an hour were on the waters creek. We ran down not over two disembarked, and prepared to carry the cance across to Big Creek. The next tys we spent in clearing the road. The lay we succeeded in getting our large through, but were obliged to take it and make two trips, one with the frame e with the cance cover.

If we we had our large cance hidden four miles from the mouth of the River Moore was on board a steamer for Bradley's yard, and I was on my way

bound for Bradley's yard, and I was on my way to New Orleans. One thing in our undertaking was secured, viz., a saie and secret route from the mouth of the White River to our yard. For the navigation of the Teche and Tensas, we could easily produce boats; but the manner of crossing from the point where we would leave the Tensas to our big cance was yet to be provided for. In this I wanted and must have George Wesner's help.

Ten days from the time I left the mouth of the White River I was on board the little Feamer St. Mary, bound up the Bayou Teche.

bound up the Bayou Teche erashear City.

next morning I was at Wesner's planGeorge had been at home nearly two
and had a small building for a store
nder way. It would take two weeks'
compacte the building
unknot the Attakapas country the
tions were large and the prairies rolling,
the timber scattering. Our work must
at work and the dark swamps our refuge,
ist find a location at once secure from.

work and the dark swamps our refuge, at find a location at once, secure from its of the coon hunter or his prowling. We selected a large swamp some if from the Teche. A small creek made it. The land along the banks was low, country for miles around was covered stagnant overflow. Twisted cypress, oaks and pecans grew in luxuriance undergrowth was black and dense. In amp, upon a small hummock, we lour depot or rendezvous, the only oasis loisome wilderness.

ome widerness, he wide stretch of prairie, but he from the outer edge, was the main toad to Opelousas and the northern arrow but unfrequented road skirted like of the swamp. Between the two were scattered patches of timber, and the this were bridle and cattle paths miles above the point where the White mered the Mississippi there was a chute of into the Arkansas; this chute fermined to use, as it was near the hidre of our big canoe. From the Teche point it was necessary to explore and a route by water, practicable for our

ite by water, practicable for our to establish safe places for our enittle time for deliberating or

er morning we started for manunicating with the Tensas dv on a duck-shooting trip, ation owned by a man named across a free negro with an old canne. The old man was rad-te bayou looking out for his duck

ered him to sell the old trap. "No, ake to seems too much like sell-end dis yer boat and me has been toof years, can't sell her 'thout

shut out the sun's light as we pushed our cance through the gloomy waters.

Here was the swamp! The chill malarial vapors filled the air, heavy, dense and thick. Down through the tangled foliage straggling rays of light gleamed and shimmered on the dark surface of the chute and lost themselves in the dense growth that lined its banks. Alligators clustered around every spot of sunshine, eager to enjoy the last ray before retiring for their short winter nap.

in the dense growth that lined its banks. Alligators cinstered around every spot of sunshine, cager to enjoy the last ray before retiring for their short winter nap.

We pushed our canoe ten miles before we again came out of the Tensas sunlight. Although there were four feet of water in the chute where its waters united with the Tensas, we had to throw ourselves flat in the canoe to avoid the overhanging bushes. From the Tensas its opening was barely distinguishable. Right here was a secure camping and hiding place: we marked the spot and pushed on. The outlet below we had also marked by placing a buoy some ten rods below the opening.

No one has any idea of the intricacles of these waterways beyond the levees unless he makes an attempt to navigate them. Often did we wander up some well-defined course, to find it end in an impassable swamp.

Bayous de Glace and Boeuf were disturbed by our canoe, and it was nearly four weeks before we arrived at Moses's landing, near which point we determined to strike for the Arkansas River.

River.

By paths by day and secure roads by night—these we must have. There was the Red River to cross, portages to make and men to avoid everywhere. I kept an accurate map of the way. The last of January found us across the Arkansas and paddling up the White River

the Arkansas and padding up the White River in our bic cance.

One bright morning we stood on the landing at Bradley's yard. Surveys had been made, ties and track laid, and, with the exception of the rolling stock, the Under Ground Railroad was completed from the banks of the Teche to Bradley's yard.

Moore was in the woods when we arrived, and as we were pretty tired, we three ourselves

Moore was in the woods when we arrived, and as we were pretty tired, we threw ourselves down on the floor and slept until about dark, when he came in and awoke us. Moore was a silent man usually, but this evening he was quite talkative.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have our railroad and there is no doubt plenty of work. In case of accident the engineer and conductor will be likely to go under; as for the passengers, the extent of their injuries would be a sound flogging. If we succeed we have a gold mine, if we fail we hang, unless we are lucky enough to escape."

if we fail we hang, unless we are lucky enough to escape."

This we knew, and that night felt pretty sober over it. Moore's argument and reasoning was close and plausible. No one would suspect negroes of attempting to escape to the North from a place so far removed as Attakapas. If they disappeared, the most that would be done to recover them would be to search some neighborhood and the swamps round about, for usually when they did run away, this was their refuge for a few weeks. When starved out they would return to their old homes, sadder, wiser and much hungrier and dirtier than before. After receiving their usual 100 lashes, they would crawl into some old ginhouse and lie there until the first smart was over, then stupidly return to their work.

Stupidly return to their work

On the contrary, the escaping negro in the border States would be followed to death or cap-On the contrary, the escaping negro in the horder States would be followed to death or capture. A white man enught near their quarters must explain his business pretty conclusively, or the home guards, taking his case into their hands, would escort him across the border, the chances being that he would die en route. For these reasons Moore agreed with us that the farther South we conducted our operations the batter. The next day, bidding Moore farewell, we

commenced the return trip to Attakapas, via U. G. Railroad
On arriving we found the store finished. It was a small wooden building, about twenty feet wide by forty feet long, with a shed attached. We began to unpack our goods. There were one or two boxes the covers of which we did not display on our counters, these contained various disguises—stains for the skin, false hair, wigs and complete paraphernalla for different costumes. While away we had shaved our faces smooth to be better prepared.

The goods unpacked, we had our opening and trade commenced. Business was good.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

One day I was busy trying to trade with an Acadian for a couple of bales of cotton, when with a wild whoop a chap called Skew Bill Sneider dashed up to the door. Skew Bill was a character. An unlucky blow received when a child had twisted his nose so that it stood at an angle of forty-five degrees with his face—hence Skew Bill.

Sneider believed himself to be a celebrated negro hunter, although to my knowledge he never caught or found one runaway. There were one or two instances on record where it was proved by court that he had been quite successful in finding other people's mules, but these matters were arranged by the Sheriff, and, contrary to the wishes of the general public. Sneider had as yet escaped the rope.

A dozen or more dogs followed at his heels—hound, cur, buil and mongrel, none of them, to listen to his brag, but could smell a nigger a mile away.

"Brad!" he welled. "Brad!" Becognizing his "Brad!" he yelled. "Brad!" Recognizing his peculiar voice, I went to the door.
"What is it?" to pay at Coverly's. I've got the

"What is it?"
"There's h—to pay at Coverly's. I've got the best tob I've had for ten years.
"What is it, Skew? What is it?"
"Oh, a dozen of the old man's best hands have took to the swamp, and all his dorgs was placed."

"Sure?" I asked.

"Wall. I reckon it must be—the niggers is gorne, the dogs is dead, and about a dozen mules gorne, too—something up."

My heart stood still, and it seemed as if I should suffocate before I could breathe again. Wesner had been gone two days, and, unknown to me, had set the ball rolling. There was no turning back now. I had not suspected that he contemplated the step so soon, as he had said nothing to me about it.

"Say, you haven't heard 'em go by your place, have you?" cried Speider.

"Of course not, if I had I would have stopped them."

them."
You can't track 'em by the mules, for they're

them.

"You can't track 'em by the mules, for they're not shed, and all mules and niggers goes barefoot in this country," said Bill.

"Do you know who they are?"
"No: the old man just sent for me."
"Tell him I will come over, Bill, and join the hunt with you."

"All right, you're a good one. Bring Terror, my dog, with you."

"I'll be there without fail, and leave George here to tend store."
Here was business enough for one day. Where Wesner was I did not know, but I surmised that his absence was connected with the stampede of Coverly's negroes, and I longed for sunset, knowing well that he would not leave the swamps by daylight. I did not more than half believe that he was with the runaways. George usually rode a small creole pony of perhaps 800 pounds weight, but he also owned a magnifleent stallion, black as night, and the swiftest runner in all southwestern Louisiana.

After my customers were gone I went over to the stables where George kept his saddle horse. Kitty was gone. There was no further clue to his absence, and I came back to the store.

During the day various beople came driving along the road from Coverly's, all having more or less to say concerning the flight. About 4 o'clock that afternoon an old darky, who was known as Hannah's Pete, came along. Pete was an old gossip, knew everything and everybody, but was a born liar, in fact, a verbal novelist of the worst kind. The way Pete came by his name was this. Hannah was a free negress and Pete a slave: by the laws of Louisiana then, the children of free blacks were free; she bought him.

"Shakes, Massa Bradley," old Pete would say, "she flogs a poor nigger worser than an overseer."

"Shakes, Massa Bradley," old Pete would say, "she flogs a poor nigger worser than an overseer."

Pete was as worthless a negro as ever drew breath, but he fondly imagined that the possession of him by his wife was a fortune in itself. "Golly," he would say, "dis chile take good care of hisself, for dar's a thousand dollars ob Hannah's money in me an' it's too much to risk working hard." So he never took the risk.

risk.

I stood in the doorway as Pete came along and called: "Petel Oh, Pete!"

He stopped. "What's up at Coverlys, Pete?"
The old scoundrel grinned. "Him been whaling some ob dem Mefodist niggers of hisn (Pete was a Baptist! and dey no done like it, so dem scoot."
"Where?" e it, so dem scoot.

"Where?"
"To de swamp."
"How many, Pete?"
"Oh, 'bout 10,000 ob 'em." said he. "Dar's Bill, he's gorne: Mose, he's gorne; Mose's woman, she's gorne; boil young 'uns, dem gorne; how many dat make?"
"That's only five, Pete."
"Wall, Lemuel Mason, de yaller feller, an'all dat lot, four ob 'em--Tom, Jack an' Pharo-how many dat?"
"Nine." said I.
"Oh, yah, for mooh shuah, for dar tousand gone—Lucy, she gone, dat's ail, I tink. Dat's tousand, Massa Bradley."
"That's only ten, Pete."
"Wall, ain't dat 'nough? Ten niggers get one good licking byme by, massa. Coverly catch 'em, forty hosses, hundred mules, ten tousand dorgs, an'ole Skew Bill 'neider, he gorne, too."

e, too."
was the general opinion that the negroes It was the general opinion that the negroes had taken to the swamp, and that after getting starved out they would return and take their punishment as hundreds of others had done before.

starved out they would return and take their which we decided was better than alloys as we intended. The second dark might is a lonesome awardon. Now and then on its be seen the buildings of a planter than alloys as we intended. The second has been up to be friendly still as the second dark might be seen the buildings of a planter to pass, ladden only by the friendly still.

See a dark might is a lonesome awardon. Now and then on its be seen the buildings of a planter to pass, ladden only by the friendly still.

See the second during the stream. Every we was carefully securified as the second the stream. Every we was carefully securified as the second the finding to the seen the building to the stream to see the second distinguish obtained we have a growth of oaks or of word the frosts of December had because and although clinging to so the ease could distinguish obtained as a second distinguish obtained as the second distinguish obtained as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds as the clear blue sky of the shadows of the passing clouds are as a shadow of the passing clouds as the passing clouds are as the passing clouds are as a shadow of the passing clouds as the passing clouds are as a shadow of the passing clouds as the passing clouds are as a shadow of the passing clouds as the passing clouds are as the passing clouds as the passing clouds are as a shadow of the passing clouds as the passing clouds are as the

George Wesner's return. I very well knew that he might have to spend three days, perhaps more, at the rendezvous and then possibly keep on with the fugitives. I thought it more than likely, however, that he would come back to the store and stay a week or so, and thus avoid even the shadow of suspicion.

Night came and no Wesner-morning, noon the next day, 4, 5, 8 o'clock—sunset-he did not come. I closed the store and went home.

Next morning, about 7 o'clock, as I was sitting down to my breakfast, the door opened, and my absent partner, wearing a smile of content and triumph on his face, walked into the room.

"Brad, I thought I would breakfast with you."

"Brad. I thought I would breakfast with you."

All right; sit down. Jane [to the waitress], get a plate and cup for Mr. Wesner." Jane disappeared. I gave George a look of inquiry. "All right" said he, "safe and sound. I will tell you on the road. Walls have ears and ears find tongues. We must trust no one now."

Breakfast finished, we mounted our horses and set out for the store. Once clear of the house, George commenced: "Well, Brad, what do you think of it?"

"How far have you gone. George?"

"Into the swamp. do you mean?"

"Into the swamp. do you mean?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but let us know how you managed; how did you spirit ten darkles away from Coverly's place, why were you not discovered? Give me the whole story. I have been in a fever of excitement ever since the newscame. Why did you not let me know about it?"

"Well, to appear your last question first."

Well, to answer your last question first, I didn't want you to know about it until it was over, for your face might betray you, in your anxiety to hear from me, and again. I did not really know myself that I should begin as soon as I did.

as I did.

"I made arrangements with Lucy long ago to meet her regularly every Thursday night at a deserted cornhouse, a short distance from the negro quarters.

"Sometimes she came and I was not there, but generally both of us managed to get there at the same time. All the sign that either ever left that one had waited for the other was the removal of a small stone from one side of the building to the other. Thus you perceive I am an old hand at deception. I dare not write to her, she has written to me, for, while I could receive her letters and she could mail them, who ever heard of a plantation nigger receiving letters?

who ever heard of a plantation nigger receiving letters?

"Last Thursday I was early at the cornhouse. Lucy was there full of trouble. That young devil of Coverly's was expected home the next week or sooner, and what should she do? Poor girl, she cried as though her heart would break. I sat there awhile and thought; my brain seemed on fire. There was but one course to take, one path to pursue. For the first time the awful responsibility that I was taking forced itself upon my mind—I must decide. The morning sun must not shed its light upon her and she a slave in the power of litchard Coverly. Briefly I unfolded my plans. In thirty minutes she had gathered her poor little kit of clothes and called around her those of the slaves whom she could trust. Giving her directions how to proceed. I left her, as I had to procure my own disguise.

"I had given lucy directions," he said—o

"I had given Lucy directions," he said to take the party as far as Keldra's place, and, if I did not overtake them, to turn off at the fork of the road, go into the woods and await my coming.

coming.
"My disguise was that of a negro, black as
the blackest. My darky idiom is perfect,
and I felt no fear of discovery in that character.
When I spoke, old Mose cried out, It's a strange nigger.'
I waited a minute or two until all was quiet.

"I waited a minute or two until all was quiet. There were four miles to cover, and in less than three hours it would be daybreak.

I slipped off my horse, helped Lucy to the sad ile, tucked old Mose's two small children on behind, and, taking the lead, started off at a dogtrot. Lucy came next, while the rest followed, sometimes running, and then falling along as they stumbled over roots and fell into the ruts of the old bayou road. Old Mose must have crawled the last mile before we left the woods.

the woods

"Bradley, those were moments of intense anxiety I was on a public highway, but seldom used, it is true, yet some benighted individual might come that way. I started into a sharp run and kept a short distance ahead of the party, straining my eyes in the vain endeavor to pierce the condensed darkness, and listening for the slightest indication that would give notice of the approach of strangers.

"I verily believe every dog in the parish barked and every mule brayed, for there was one constant succession of barking, howling and braying, and to add to our peril, beside the road and not over three rods distant was the shanty of a free negro, who like most of his kind keeps a legion of dogs that, either hearing or scenting us, cleared their throats and set up their wolfish and unearthly howl.

"I knew there was no danger, for nothing save an earthquake or a chicken-stealing expedition will turn a nigger out in the pight. Yet I could but feel alarmed at the infernal din, especially as we were not above a mile away from where weleft the road for the swamp. Had any man attempted to stop usit would have cost him his life.

"Much to my relief, we reached the place without interruption, and at daybreak were

"Much to my relief, we reached the place without interruption, and at daybreak were a mile from the old road and ankle deep in the waters of the swamp. I kept on about a mile, and at sunrise balted on a knoll that shove the waters of the sur-

a mile, and at sunrise halted on a knot that rose a few feet above the waters of the surrounding country and was comparatively dry. Slowly the poor tired creatures came straggling in and threw themselves at full length upon the moss and leaves.

"I dared not build a fire, for the day was the country of th

"I dared not build a fire, for the day was still, and the tell-tale smoke might betray our whereabouts to eyes that I well knew must be watching for us ere this, but which I trusted I had thrown off the scent by the ruse of the mule stampede, and I have since learned that I did.

"I have forgotten to tell you that I turned a dozen of the old man's mules loose and sent them scampering in another direction just the opposite of ours.

"In the morning I told my fugitives to take a bite at their luncheons, and gave each of them a good horn of corn whiskey. This temperance beverage revived their courage amazingly.

amazingly.

"We rested here perhaps two or three hours, and as the sun gradually mounted higher and the air grew warmer the party were more cheerful, having already begun to build air castles as to what they were going to do in de Norf.

"Again we started. I took the lead with

do in de Norf.

Again we started. I took the lead with Lucy. Next came old Mose, then his wife, then Bill. Tom. Jack and Pharo came next, while Lemuel Mason brought up in the rear. The two children were carried in turn by the men; they're only little bits—1, 2 and 3 years old.

while Lemuel Mason brought up in the rear. The two children were carried in turn by the men; they're only little bits—1, 2 and 3 years old.

"Lemuel Mason, as the boys all call him, is a very smart, bright man, a mulatto; he can rend a little, and is going to be in great help in getting the party through. I have left him in charge of the crowd at our camp.

"The water in the swamp is now about six inches to a foot in depth, with now and then a hummock where it is quite dry; these I avoided as much as possible, for I was careful to leave no trace or trail for a dog to follow. I know a bloodhound well. No nigger hunter ever catches me or mine with one or a dozen.

"However, to make an end of my story, we arrived safe and unpursued at our rendezvous about noon. It was slow walking and tiresome.

"Brad, you should have heard their exclamations of delight at the sight of the cabin we had built. I never knew a negro had so much feeling—that is, I suppose I knew—but I never realized the fact before.

"I was known to them only as a strange nigger, and they had a notion in their heads that I was from the North. They could not conceive how I got there, but while they felt that I was one of them, they well knew they were lost without me, so after dinner when I called Mason up and put him in charge of the place, they accepted the position without a word.

"The disguise of a negro will not do for us when when we have our convoy in a difficult or a dangerous position. It does not carry with it that idea of obedience we must exact of these people to get them through the perils of our swamp and night fourneys. I realized it first, and Lucy further told me that to succeed we must don our natural characters, or at least appear as white men.

"I set Lenuel and the other men to work roofing and fixing the house to make it comfortable, and Lucy further told me that to succeed we must don our natural characters, or at least appear as white men.

"I set Lenuel and the other men to work roofing and fixing the house to make it comforta

About nightfall I reached the spot where "About nightfall I reached the spot where I had left my horse, and after darkness had fairly set in, issued forth into the read, a white man, rode home, went to bed, enjoyed a few hours rest and here I am, ready for business. So if you please, we will open the store, and proceed to self—by day—molasses, tea, coffee, or any other commedity we have to our friends and heighbors, while we steal their niggers by night. How's that, my boy, for a fire-eater!" "Well, George," I said, "we only have one chance now, and that is to play the hand out. "Yes," cried George, "and no pack to draw from."

"Yes," cried George, "and no pack to draw from."
"How long." I inquired, "do you propose to leave the fugitives in the swamp?"
"Three weeks at the very shortest. I want the excitement to subside and the hunt in this vicinity over before I start. Not that I think there is a chance of being even remotely suspected. I even want to ioin in the hunt, but I have such a hatred of old Coverly (and I know he would sooner draw a bead on me than a deer) that it might look suspicious for me to be hunting up his niggers, so I guess I will forego that pleasure, but wouldn't I like to see the old devil sourim as he thinksof his dollars in niggers, and those niggers in the swamp safe as the bank of New Orleans. Brad. old fellow, you had better go. I can have only the story second hand; that will be some comfort."
"I will do it," replied I

and giving my horse the rein and a touch with the spur, reached the edge of the prairie in a few moments.

These Louisiana prairies are generally of small extent, perhaps four or ten miles across, and usually bordered by a bayou or swamp, sometimes both, and often as fertile as the Garden of Eden, but half cultivated.

Before and around me lay thousands of acres of virgin soil. I drank in the fresh morning air as a thirsty man would pure water, as I sped away over the billowy earth.

Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford' was uppermost in my thoughts, and I imagined George and myself a brace of modern heroes. Conscience said, 'You rascals, you are only a couple of nigger stealers!'

I had ridden perhaps two or three miles

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said, 'You rascals, you are only a couple of nigger stealers,'"
I had ridden perhaps two or three miles when I saw approaching me from the direction of what was then called Perry's Slough lay at the left of Coverly's, and the swamp that the slough ended in was at least sixteen miles distant from where George Wesner left the road with the fugitives. This swamp was a general refuge for runaways, and as it led to nowhere, when one of the unfortunates got

road with the fugitives. This swamp was a general refuge for runaways, and as it led to nowhere, when one of the unfortunates got into it—to use the expressive vernacular of Attakapas—he was "there for sure."

It was an impossibility for him to escape upon the bayou, and should he make the attempt by land the negro hunter and his savage hound soon pulled the poor wretch down.

I stopped my horse and waited the approach of the party. Foremost rode Dick Coverly, I rode up to him and extended my hand, for I had no quarrel with him, and did not think it policy to pick up Wesner's, even if I felt so inclined. Dick accosted me very pleasantly. "Good morning, Mr. Bradley."

"Good morning, Mr. Bradley."

"Good morning, Dick What news from the runaways? Are you on the trail?"

"Yes. they are evidently in Perry's swamp—poor fools!"

"What makes you think so?"

"What makes you think so?"

"What miles from the slough. When they left the mules and found all of them inside of three miles from the slough. When they left the mules they must have taken to the swimp."

"What do you propose to do?"

swamp."
"What do you propose to do?"
"What do you propose to do?" "What do you propose to do?"

"Leave them there for a while and they will be glad to come out, for it is not very pleasant even for a nigger to starve, as they will surely do if they stay there. The worst trouble is, it will put us out this spring, so we shall be obliged to buy or hire more help. We have pretty much made up our minds to buy, then catch these and seil them. That will teach the rest of the boys in this parish a lesson."

I agreed fully with Dick Coverly in this matter, coming to the conclusion that as long as his money held out to buy negroes, ours would hold out to steal them. I rode back to the store, the hunt being indefinitely postponed.

CHAPTER IX.

The winter dragged itself into spring before our preparations for flight were complete. March 14 came slowly along: for two weeks the wenther had been rainy and forgy, the damp air from the Gulf drifting in upon us, varied by an occasional visit of miasma from the overflowing swamps and lagoons of the mighty waters north. Our prairie roads were knee deep with the black mud of southwestern Louisian. It was an uncommonly wet and cold spring for our climate, where frost is sel-

cold spring for our climate, where frost is seldom seen.

Our fugitives in the swamp we had not seen since George left them; but we rested secure, believing they were safe, for if one had strayed out and been caught, the news would have flown on the wings of the wind. George had implicit confidence in Lemuel Mason, and faith in Lucy's persuasive powers to keep the little band together, to say nothing of their own fears, which were in themselves no inconsiderable factor in keeping them quiet.

We had kept on selling goods and I had been doing some surveying—not a break in our

We had kept on selling goods and I had been doing some surveying not a break in our every day life. Still we felt that we were living over a mine liable at any time to explode.

George had told the necroes that about the 15th of March he would send a guide to take them through to the promised land. To Lucy he explained everything—that circumstances might delay him beyond that date, and to have no fears if they did. Yet he was very anxious to start, for the swamps were full and every little bayou a river, and boat navigation was comparatively easy.

The night of the 15th was dark and rainy. The clouds were low set in the heavens and

comparatively easy.

The night of the 15th was dark and rainy, The clouds were low set in the heavens and inky black. Now and then a flash of lightning would give a fitful vivid illumination to the prairie in front of our store. Nine o'clock and still the loafers lingered and droned out the same stale stories that I had heard so many times. Old Bob Morris would speculate on what had become of Coverly's niggers, and Skew Bill would relate with many embellishments how near he came to catching the whole of them. According to his story, the backs of the nules were sweaty where the niggers had just left them—jus' left 'em, gentlemen, as we came up, left 'em and took to the swamp where no dog could foller, 'cause of the water, and my dorgs is as likely purps as there is in the Turkey-paw kentry, remember.

"Curse them, will they never go," whispered George. "Just think, the liar! The niggers were fifteen miles away when he found the mules." alles."
At length the last man left. Sneider being

At length the last man left. Sneider being the last, as he wanted to get a little tobacco to be paid for when he caught Coverly's niggers. Not being very certain of the security, I demurred granting his request. Thereupon Mr. Sneider left, threatening us with the loss of his custom. As that consisted of about tengallons of rum a year and a few groceries, paid for in venison at about twice its worth delivered when no one else would buy, the threatened calamity did not strike either of preatened calamity did not strike either of

threatened calamity did not strike either of us as much to be feared.

"Thank heaven, the last man is gone," cried I, "and now for the rendezvous!"

George packed a little valise with a rubber cloak for Lucy, three or four tin cans of whiskey the latter article being reckoned in Louisiana a necessity second only to a good pair of legs in traversing the swamp.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SAND-SUCKING. Work of a Government Dredge in Deepening

the Channel of the St. Johns River. From the Florida Times Union and Cuizen. One of the most powerful dredging machines n this country is deepening the channel of the St. Johns River, and at the rate it has been working for the past ten days, it would not take long to have deep water from this city to the bar. The dredge is the Government steam sand-sucker Cape Fear, commanded by Capt. W. A. Crawford, and hailing from South-port, N. C. The amount of work that is being done by this dredge is remarkable, and it is

done by this dredge is remarkable, and it is so much more rapid and complete than the work accomplished by the old-time steam shovel that a statement of figures would make a person not acquainted with what it does secution, but the figures show what is being done and what can be done by this powerful piece of machinery.

For the pist ten days the dredge has been at work on the White Sheil shoat, a stretch of shallow water covering an immense sand bar, mearly opposite St. Johns Bluff, and near the Ststers. During the time that work has been solur on, a stretch of sand 200 feet in length, 100 feet wide and a feet deep has been removed, making in ail 2222 cubic feet of sand that has been sucked up from the bottom of the river to make a channel.

In order to take up this quantity of sand, powerful engines have been employed continually during each day. The sand is sucked up by power generated by two compound engines of 100 horse power each, coming through two pipes, each ten inches in diameter, which carry it to a compartment in the forward part of the dredge capable of holding 330 cubic yards, or about 400 tons of sand. This compartment is always filled, either with water or sand. As the sand is thrown into it, the water rises and goes out through two overflow pipes on either side of the vessel into the river. When all the water is out the bins are full of sand, which are then dumped. The dredge is run to shore, or wherever the dumping ground may be, and the sand is allowed to go through the bottom by means of two large gates that are opened by loosening four large screws, one man having charge of each screw. When these gates are opened the sand sceles out of the bottom and the compartment is immediately refilled with water. This dumping process is repeated as often as the compartments are fulled with sand. It is necessary to have the bin filled with either water or sand, in order to keep the stern from sinking, as all the heaving one of an enormous boiling spring, throwe in the sucking process, as well as the eng

Paul Whaxter was down by the river pegging stones at the windows of the abandoned felt mill that for nearly a year had stood idle. It was not easy to find even a fragment of glass, as it had been a favorite mark for boys ever since Abraham Miltibank failed in business and left the mill to its fate.

Paul walked all around it and found in an out of the way corner a pane that had never been broken. He took good aim and fired. and the musical sound of shattered glass fell weetly upon his ears.

While he was wishing that he could find another such dandy target a shabby-looking man stepped out of the door of the mill and said to Paul

"You're a regular boy, aint yer? You love to hear glass breaking. I can give you a lot of sport at that sort of business." Now, Paul was not mischievous and he didn't know whether to go about his business or stay

and talk to the stranger. It was a lonely spot

and the man was not pleasant-looking. He had slanting evebrows and keen, deep-set eves and his beard came to a queer little point. "How?" asked Paul, deciding to stay for minute and talk to the man. "How'd you like me to enchant a building here in town, say Deacon Jones's, so that you

could break every window in the house, and yet it wouldn't do any harm?" "That would be bully," said Paul, laughing.
"Whewee, wouldn't I jingle 'em. But Mrs. Jones is all right, and I wouldn't like to do

any damage. "No need to damage 'em. I can fix glass so that you can break it all to pieces and it will be restored as soon as you get tired breaking it. Years ago, when I was younger, I was called Signor Diabolo, the great magician, and I travelled with the greatest circus on There is very little I can't do in the way of pleasing a boy, and although, of course, you don't believe in fairies, yet if you've ever seen any sleight-of-hand tricks at the circus you know that we prestidigitators can do wonderful things."

"Presty what?" asked Paul perplexedly. "Prestidigitators. It fits the mouth pretty snug, doesn't it. It means one who is handy with his fingers"

"Oh, you mean one who can saw and ham mer and put things together like our hired man.

"Not exactly," said the man with a queer laugh. "Tools never suited me, but I can pull a quarter of a dollar out of your cheek as easy as pie." He reached over to Paul as he spoke and drew a silver quarter from his freckled cheek

hand before, was lost in wonder. The man then took a quarter out of his hair and put it into his own pocket. He followed this up by taking six quarters in succession from Paul's eyes, ear and chin. always putting each quarter into his pocket before getting another. Paul, who was a farmer's son, never had

much spending money and he wanted to see all the quarters together. "Let's look at 'em in a pile," said he, his eyes

dancing with expectation.

Now the tramp had only one quarter and he simply made believe draw them from the lad, so, of course, he could not pile up one quarter to look like eight, for he possessed no supernatural powers at all.

"Didn't you know, boy," said he, "that money made this way will never pile up?" Paul didn't more than half believe him out he didn't like to say so, and the tramp

changed the subject by saying: "Did you ever hear how the sparrows came to New York?" "I knew there were lots of them in all big cities, because brother Bob is a drummer and he told me, but I don't know how they came to New York."

Well I put them there. Would you like and break those windows now?"

Paul was a little doubtful about the wisdom

of breaking Mrs. Jones's windows, but a story was a story, so he said: "I guess I'd like the story first." He glanced at the sun and noticed that it was pretty low in the west, and he knew that he ought to be on his way after the cows, but

how the sparrows came to New York sounded too tempting to leave for cows. "Well, I introduced 'em into all the big cities in one season, the first time that Farnum's great circus took to the railroads. You see New York was birdless, and the city people got homesick for the little fellows. Most of 'em had been born in the country and had been wakened by bird songs, and they missed the lack of them in the city. Well, I had just come from England with two English spar-rows for company. Most of these magicians pull rabbits out of hats, and I thought that

if I could kill two birds with one stone"--"Meaning the sparrows," said Paul, with
an odd expression around the corners of his

"Meaning the sparrows," said Paul, with an odd expression around the corners of his mouth.

"You're all right. No, not the sparrows, but I thought that if while doing my tricks I could introduce the sparrows into New York I'd be doing the people a service. So the night of the first performance I began by pulling money out of the clown's ear the way I did with you, and then I told 'em I was going to make 'em a present of some birds, as I saw the city was birdless. With that I pulled out two birds from my sleeve and two more from my shee, and then half a dozen from the clown's cap, and then, as the audience was charmed at the flock of little birds which flew 'round and 'round the ring exactly as if they were racing. I began to do it by wholesale, and pulled out a hundred at a time."

"How'd you do it?" asked Paul, for with all his acuteness he was a simple lad, and he believed every word that the tramp said, and the tramp seeing it went on with enthusiasm. "How'd I do it? Why, I can't explain it. I seemed to have the power that night. Tried to next day, but the power was gone. That's been the trouble with me always. Some days I can't get a single cent out of people, and then I go hungry, and then again I can pull quarters out by the dozen, the way I've done with you. They'll see me through to-morrow, and I'm sure I'm obliged to you."

Paul quite swelled up with gratification that he had helped this remarkable man, although, as a matter of fact, he had not done a single thing for the tramp.

"Well, go on," said the boy uneasily, for he noticed that the sun was because he wanted to amuse himself before going to bed, andgit must be time to get those cows. But the man was so wonderful that he waited a little longer.

"Well, the audience went wild and kept crying. More!" More!" and at last the sawdust was completely covered with chirping sparrows. Then I climbed up a rope to the top of the tent, and with my knife I cut a hole in the canvas, and I said to the birds. Go up through the tent and the next day there were sp

to children by quarrelling, they asked me to take 'em away, but I couldn't do that and they're there to stay."

"That was a bully story. But I've got to run for the cows."

"Well, one minute," said the tramp as he rose from the log. "I'd like to show you that trick about breaking the panes of glass."

The Jones's gardener had set the dog on him that atternoon because he was impudent, and he wanted to make a tool of Paul in revenging himself.

"Come along after the cows with me. I can't wait," said Paul, and the tramp strode along by his side.

"You're sure it wouldn't damage the glass if I broke it?" asked Paul. "You see, Mrs. Jones's panes? As soon as you stop thinging stones the panes will all come back. I'll tell you what. You come with me to-night and try just one for luck. By the way, why do you carry money loose that way on your hat brim? It isn't safe." As he spoke he handed a dime to Paul, which he had picked off his hat. Paul's mouth opened so wide that his jaws cracked, and the tramp yawned at the sight.

"Well, you're a wonder. I hadn't a cent."

Say, I will meet you to-night at the Baptist church at 8 o'clock. I must sprint for those

cows now."

"I thought that 10 cents would fix him. Now, I call myself a pretty slick one," said the tramp to himself after Paul had disappeared in the twilight. "He'll have the time of his life, and I'll get square with that gardener for setting the dog on me. I wish I was a glazier and I'd reap a harvest to-morrow, but I'll get enough sport out of it to pay me."

At 8 o'clock to the minute Paul met him in front of the church. Deacon Jones's house stood next door. It was as dark as a pocket. "Hello," said the tramp. "Where are they? Not gone to bed at this time of night."

"There's a donation party at the Goddard's and I guess they've gone to it. Pretty much everybody in the neighborhood will be there. Oh, I wish I'd brought Jack Gardner with me. He loves to break glass as much as I do. But are you sure that you can mend 'em?"

"Sure? Aren't there sparrows in New York? And were they always there? I'm a proper magician all right. Here's 10 cents that was on your shoulder. Bad place for it."

Paul might have known that it was the same 10 cents that the tramp had given him in the afternoon, but he was not suspicious, and this final proof of the man's power decided him." I brought a bag of stones," said he. "Let's begin with the bay window."

He was a good shot, and so was the tramp. The latter picked up stones from the road and every time either one fired there was a delightful crash of glass and a window showed a gaping wound.

"Hi, isn't it fun?" said innocent Paul when ows now."
"I thought that 10 cents would fix him.
"I thought that 10 cents would fix him.

crash of glass and a window showed a gaping wound.

"Hi, isn't it fun?" said innocent Paul when the biggest pane in the bay window fell in with a tremendous crash. "I never had so much fun in my life."

But an instant later, the house, which was lighted by electricity, flashed into brilliance from basement to attic. Deacon Jones, who had not gone to the party, but who had retired early, had been awakened by the musical glasses and realizing that it was a concert that would early, had been awakened by the nusical glasses and realizing that it was a concert that would cost him a cretty penny if he didn't stop it at once, he lighted up, jumped into his boots and great cost and rushed out on the front riazza. Paul, still laughing, went up to tell him of the stranger's miraculous power, calling to the tramp to follow him, but that gentleman, scent-ing danger, took to his heels, and he hasn't been seen since.

ing danger, took to his heels, and he hasn't been seen since.

Still full of the excitement of the thing, Paul drew another stone out of his bag, but before he could fire it the deacon had him by the coat collar and was shaking him as a terrier does a rat. "What do you mean by breaking my windows?" said he, when he had tired of agitating the frightened Paul "Signor Diabolo told me that they would be replaced," said Paul, his teeth chattering from fright.

replaced, said Paul, his teeth chattering from fright.

"Of course, they'll be replaced, but it will cost you a pretty penny. If you worked for me a year you wouldn't earn enough to pay for them." Paul peered through the darkness for his friend, and it finally dawned upon him that he had been sadly fooled. Being a manly little fellow, he told the deacon the whole story, and promised to pay for the glass if it took two years. Mrs. Jones had meantime come downstairs, and she said in her pleasant way. "I'm sure Paul meant no harm. He isn't mischlevous. He's learned that tramps aren't good companions, and I guess he'll hate to hear the sound of broken glass for the rest of his life."

But in this Mrs. Jones was mistaken. Although Paul was very sorry he had caused such havoe in the deacon's glass, still to this day he remembers with joy the crash of that big pane when the stone splintered it.

JOE GREEN OF WOODBURY.

Why He Has Stopped Smashing the Windows of His Own House.

WOODBURY, N. J., April 25 .- Joe Green is one of the wealthiest and most popular citizens of Woodbury, N. J., which town his father, L. M. Green, started on the way to prosperity, and whose citizens he employed and enriched in the factory where he manufactured his remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Notwithstanding the power of his compounds to cure he went the way of all flesh about wenty years ago and left, in addition to a fortune of something more than \$1,000,000, three children, two sons and a daughter. One of these sons, the Colonel, was willing to accept the burden of managing the dollars as well as the business, and Joe, who was a happy, chatty, easy-going fellow, fond of fishing and gunning, of dogs and horses, and other things that work would interfere with, was suited when the 'olonel agreed to take charge of the business, manage the funds, and see that Joe got all that was legally due him.

The will of the old gentleman directed that a handsome house at Broad and German streets, which he had built at a cost of \$40,000, should go to Joe. The house is in the heart of the town, and is surrounded by other houses. While Joe enjoyed the thought that it was his, he had no intention of living in it. Instead he had built a intention of living in it. Instead he had built a commodious wood boathouse on the banks of woodbury Creek, a stream about fifty yards wide, and varying in depth from three inches to five feet, and there he lived with his dogs. Three years ago Joe's sister, after much persuasion, succeeded in getting permission from Joe to live in the mansion which had for a long time been standing idle. She had been in it. we been standing idle. She had been in we been standing idle. She had been in wo years and was well settled when Joe went in to Philadelphia. He returned with a pretty ittle woman—his wife. He did not take her to the mansion, but to the boathouse, and there they remained for some months without any of the members of Joe's family calling on them. The little wife did not relish this neglect very and so finally she suggested to Joe that

they remained for some months without any of the members of Joe's family calling on them. The little wife did not relish this neglect very much and so finally she suggested to Joe that he should get possession of his house and that they should live there.

"Good idea," said Joe. "I'll go up and tell my sister to get out." And he accordingly called on the sister, Mrs. Lupton, and told her that he wanted her to vacate. She protested and parleyed, but Joe was insistent. Finally she refused to go. Joe lost his temper and, as he was leaving the house, he noticed a large stone lying in the street. There are a great many plate glass windows in the house. Joe walked up to the parlor window and sent the stone crashing through. The tinkle of the glass and the suprise of the persons who had seen the act, as well as the consternation of his sister and her indignant protests, pleased Joe, and he hurled a few more stones through the windows.

The town watchman came un finally and pleaded with Joe to stop, but did not arrest him, for the reason that he knew the house belonged to him, and sympathised with him, particularly when Joe said: "Get the —— out of here. It's my house and I can break the glass if I choose, and, besides that, if you interfere with me I'll have you fired." Joe's is a potent voice in politics, and the threat, if not the iustice of his position, prevented further interference. Finally he wearied of the sport and the crowd collects to watch him demolish glass. About six months ago the downstairs windows were boarded up, and since that he has had to get smaller stones from a distance to carry on his bombardment.

This week the case assumed a different phase. Joe's wife wearied of the failure of the window-smashing scheme and advised Joe to consult a lawyer. This he did, and he was advised to enter the house and remain there until the courts decided to give him possession through electment proceedings. On Monday heentered by the rear door, and, to the disaust of his sister and members of her family, stayed. H

NEW MAP OF TANGANYIKA. The Lake Except the Southern End Farther

West Than the Maps Have Shown. Mr. Malcolm Fergusson, the topographer of the Moore expedition which is exploring Lake l'anganyika in all its aspects, sends word to the Royal Geographical Society of London that the survey of the lake has determined the geographical position of a large number of places and proved that the longitudes previously computed are erroneous, and that most of t computed are erroneous, and that most of velake lies about thirty miles west of the position hitherto shown on the maps. He adds that the earlier mapping of the coast lines is comparatively accurate so that the shape of the lake on the new map will not differ much from the older maps. The new map will give the lake a more northeast and southwest direction.

The world has for years been using the map which Missionary Hore made of Lake Tanganyika during his boat journey of 1,000 miles around its coasts. Mr. Fergusson pays a high compliment to the faithfulness with which Capt Hore performed his arduous task when he says that Hore placed the towns correctly on the coasts and that few changes need be made in his outline of the lake. The Moore expedition has the best instrumental appliances for computing longitudes and as Capt, hore lacked these it is not strange that in point of longitude his map has been found to be defective. It is far easier to compute latitudes, and in this respect his map appears to be comparatively accurate.

For fifteen years the Hore map of this great

CHURCH AGAINST STATE

THE BISHOP OF NESQUALLY'S SUIT AGAINST UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS.

He Sued for All of Fort Vancouver. Because There Had Been a Mission Chapel on the Government Reservation Courts Said No. The history of the curious case in which & diocese of the Roman Catholic Church fought title to lands as against the United States, about which correspondents have lately exchanged query and answer, is here set forth, abbreviated from the report of it in 158 United

States Reports. The ground of the case is to be found in an Act of Congress passed more than fifty years ago. In Section 1 of the Act of Aug. 14, 1848, stablishing the Territorial government of Oregon, is the following proviso: "Provided also, that the title to the land, not exceeding 640 acres, now occupied as missionary stations among the Indian tribes in said Territory, together with the improvements thereon, be confirmed and established in the religious ocieties to which the missionary stations respectively belong."

Oregon as then organized included all of that region west of the Rocky Mountains and north of the 42d degree of north latitude, part f which became afterward the Territory and later the State of Washington.

In February, 1887, the Catholic Bishop of Sesqually commenced a suit in the District Court of the Second Judicial district of Washington Territory against John Gibbon, T. M. Anderson and R. T. Yeatman, alleging that under the foregoing proviso he was entitled to a tract of 640 acres at and adjacent to the present town of Vancouver, 430 acres of which were in the occupancy of the defendants as officers and soldiers of the United States, who held the same as a military reservation. John Gibbon was Gen. Gibbon, U.S.A., commanding the Department of the Columbia: T. M. Anderson was Colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry, and R. T. Yeatman was Lieuteant and Quartermaster of the same regiment. The fort was within Gen. Gibbon's department, Col. Anderson was post commander and Mr. Yeatman was in charge of the post buildings as Quartermaster. The prayer was for an injunction, a decree of title and a surrender of possession. The United States entered a defence. While the case was pending in the Territorial courts, Washington was admitted as a State and the case was thereupon transferred to the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Washington. In that court, upon pleadings and proof, a decree was entered in favor of the defendants, dismissing the bill. From that decree the Bishop of Nesqually appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

The case was argued on April 9 and 10, 1895, and the decision was delivered by Justice Brewer on May 6, 1805. The decree of the Circuit Court was affirmed.

In his statement of the facts in the case the Justice made public some interesting early history of the region, including and adjoining the ants as officers and soldiers of the United States, who held the same as a military res-

In his statement of the facts in the case the Justice made public some interesting early history of the region, including and adjoining the lands in question. Some years previous to 1838, he said, the Hudson Bay Company had established a trading post at Vancouver. This was done under the assumption that it was within the British possessions. In and about this post were gathered a number of the employees of the company. Many of these employees were Catholies. On Nov. 24, 1838, the Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet and the Rev. Modeste Demers arrived as missionaries, Their letter of instructions from the Bishop of Quebec said:

Rev. Modeste Demers arrived as missionaries, Their letter of instructions from the Bishop of Quebec said:

"The territory particularly assigned to them is that comprised between the Rocky Mountains at the east, the Pacific Ocean at the west, the Russian possession at the north and the territory of the United States at the routh. It is only in that extent of territory that they will establish missions, and it is particularly recommended to them not to form any establishment on the lands the possession whereof is contested by the United States."

Father Blanchet was still living when this case was commenced, and was then Archibishop of Oregon City. He testified in the case that with his associates he established a Catholic mission station at Vancouver, as well as at two or three other places in Oregon, that from 1838 to 1844, in which year he went to Europe, religious services were held at Vancouver in an old store inside the nickets; that the store was used only for religious services and missionary labors, and that a piece of land, including the site of the Catholic Church there in 1887, was given to him by James Douglas, chief factor of the company, for a church site. He also testified that he had bought from one of the company's servants for mission purposes, that the mission was still going on when he returned from Zurope, and that he then as Bishop appointed a priest to take charge of it. It was in existence on Aug. 14, 1848, the day of the signing of the act of Congress above referred to; but the priests of the mission paid no board to the Hudson Bay Company, they lived inside the pickets, paid nothing for the land granted and their only right and title to the land in their possession was the consent or permission of Mr. Douglas.

Under the treaty of June 15, 1846, between

only right and title to the land in their possession was the consent or permission of Mr. Douglas.

Under the treaty of June 15, 1846, between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain; it was provided:

"The possession of land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory shall be respected."

In May, 1849, Major Hathaway of the United States Army with a company of soldiers arrived at Vancouver and rented from the Hudson Bay Company buildings for quarters for his troops, and with the consent of the company established a camp upon the land later in dispute. In October, 1850, Col. Loring, commanding the United States roops at that place, issued a proclamation creating a military reservation four miles square with definite boundaries and including this land. On Dec. S. 1854. Col. Bonneville, commanding officer at Vancouver, reduced the area of the reservation to 640 acres, caused the same to be surveyed and new boundaries marked. At the same time the buildings and improvements on the reservation, including the Catholic Church, were appraised by a board of military officers. On May 16, 1853, the Catholic Bishop of Nesqually laid claim to the land by filing a notice thereof with the Surveyor General of Oregon Territory. This application was followed up by proceedings in the Land Department, which resulted in a final decision by the Secretary of the Interior on March 11, 1872, sustaining the claim of the plaintiff to a small tract, less than half an acre, on which the church building stood, but denying it as to the rest. On Jan. 15, 1878, the President approved a final survey and plan of the milliarry reservation to be duly set apart for military purposes.

Meanwhile, on July 1, 1863, a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, whereby

tion of the War Department, and declared the reservation to be duly set apart for military purposes.

Meanwhile, on July 1, 1863, a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, whereby it was agreed to be desirable that all questions with respect to possessory rights of the Hudson Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies or of any other British subjects in Oregon and Washington Territory should be settled by the transfer of such rights for an adequate money consideration to the Government of the United States. A commission appointed accordingly awarded \$850,000 in full satisfaction of all such claims made. It did not appear that any claim was then made by the plaintiff.

The Justice pointed out that the Act of 1848 did not grant to the mission 640 acres, but a tract not exceeding 640 acres and occupied at the time of the passage of the act as missionary stations. All that this could refer to, he declared, was the actual church site, for the Hudson Bay Company was in possession long before the coming of the two missionaries, and did not vacate and surrender its own possession, except perhaps to the extent of the actual church site, when it granted permission to build a church on its grounds. He likened the claim before him to a claim to the whole city of Washington, which might be set up by a mission acquiring title to a lot there and erecting on it a building.

From the Washington Evening Star. The woman rushed up to the policeman enjoying his oftum cum dignitate on the street

corner. "Say," she exclaimed impulsively, as women sometimes do, "I want you to come around

to our house quick "What's the matter?" inquired the policeman with provoking imperturbability. "It's my husband." "What is he doing?" "He's drunk again." "Well, what is he doing? Smashing the furniture?" She looked at the guardian of the peace

"No, he aint," she said.
"Has he swung an axe?"

"Of course no "Nor pulled a gun?" "Is he chewing the rag?"

The woman was getting more nervous every Is he creating a disturbance?" asked the

liceman
"No. he's just sitting there in the kitchen."
"Is he doing any harm?"
"He dasn't
"Then what do you want me to go there for?" "To arrest him "
"What for?"

"What for?"
"To preserve the peace"
"But you say he isn't disturbing it"
"He aint," she snapped, with a thrust of her law forward: "but if he sets around that kitchen much longer in my way I'll be disturbing it, and when I get through with him, Mr. Policeman, you'll have to come after him with an ambulance. Do you understand?"